

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 8.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1903.

NO. 32.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

### NORTH.

6:02 A. M. Daily.  
7:36 A. M. Daily except Sunday.  
9:06 A. M. Daily.  
9:39 P. M. Daily.  
12:38 P. M. Daily.  
4:53 P. M. Daily.  
5:54 P. M. Daily.  
6:56 P. M. Daily.  
9:11 P. M. Daily.

### SOUTH.

6:45 A. M. Daily.  
7:33 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.  
9:11 P. M. Daily.  
2:33 P. M. Daily.  
7:03 P. M. Daily.  
8:33 A. M. Daily.

## S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirteenth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

## POST OFFICE.

Post office open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

## MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	6:45	12:10
" South	12:38	2:33
"	6:56	6:23
North	9:10	12:10
South	6:15	6:23

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

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Congregational Sunday School every Sunday 3 p. m. at Butchers' Hall. Old and young are alike cordially invited and will be made welcome.

## MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeyman Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeyman Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeyman Butchers' Hall.

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
* TAX COLLECTOR	F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	J. J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSSESSOR	C. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	H. W. Schaberg	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	John F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	Jas. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

## Cutter Manning Sails for Alaska.

Port Townsend, Wash.—The United States steamer Manning, Captain McClelland, the vanguard of the season's patrol fleet in Alaskan waters, sailed the other morning for St. Michael, from where the fleet will operate during the summer months. The Manning will make a thorough investigation and survey of the new seal rookery discovered last season and over which a spirited controversy arose between Captain McClelland and the seal experts of the Treasury Department when the first official report was made. The cutter will remain in the North until October.

## Philipine Governor Reports Progress.

Washington.—William F. Peck, Governor of the Igorrote province of Benguet, in his report to the Bureau of Insular Affairs of the War Department for the year 1902, says his administration has been marked by manifest contentment on the part of the people and the hearty co-operation of the officials. Notwithstanding the cholera and smallpox, the Governor says, in traveling about the province he finds new houses, new rice fields, new coffee plantations, gardens and clear yards and other evidences of thrift and industry.

## Arm Crushed by Locomotive.

San Jose.—Paul Goodman, repair man at the Southern Pacific roundhouse, had his left arm crushed by the accidental bumping of the locomotive under which he was working, rendering amputation necessary.

## EVENTS OF THE WORLD EPITOMIZED

### Important and Interesting Happenings and Mishaps of the Week Briefly Told.

## LATEST TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES

### Short, Crisp, Pithy Paragraphs That Give the Cream of the Week's News in a Form Appreciated By All Busy Readers.

Nearly 100 buildings have been burned, 650 persons are homeless, and a loss of between \$350,000 and \$400,000 has been caused by a fire in Lakeport, N. H., the area burned over being about 150 acres.

Lieutenant Javier, commanding a force of constabulary and volunteers, has defeated 200 fanatical insurgents in the island of Cebu, killing sixty-eight of them and capturing twenty-nine. The fight occurred in the mountains near Tabogon. The Government losses are not known.

The Peruvian gunboat Loreto sprung a leak forty miles northeast of the Scilly islands and sank in an hour. The crew was picked up by a French trawler and landed at Plymouth, England. The Loreto was a new vessel. She left Liverpool May 23d for Para, Brazil.

An explosion of gas in the Charter Coal and Coke Company's mine at Federal, Pa., killed four men, badly injured seven and slightly injured a number of others. Several more were hurt and are believed to be still in the mine. As the mine is still afire, it is feared they will be burned to death or suffocated by smoke.

A special dispatch from Madrid says: King Alfonso has inherited \$7,500,000 under the will of his grandfather, King Francis, who died April 16, 1902. The will was opened about a month ago in accordance with the desire of King Francis that it should not be read until twelve months after his death.

The severe gale which swept the coast of Newfoundland did much damage to the fishing vessels on the Grand Banks. One vessel, the Peerless of Lunenburg, N. S., has run into this port and reports having lost twelve men during the storm. Other fishing boats report smaller losses. It is feared that the fatalities will reach a large total.

The London Times' correspondent at Sofia has received trustworthy information that Delchiff, the famous chief of the Macedonian revolutionary movement, was killed in the destruction of the village of Banitsa, near Seres, by the Turks. His death, erroneously reported previously, says the correspondent, may temporarily paralyze the movement.

A wedding party at the citadel barracks at Arras, France, ended tragically with the death of three women and the injury of twenty-seven other persons. At the dance following the wedding lamp was overturned and set fire to the decorative hangings. A panic ensued, the doors were blocked and three of the women were unable to escape and perished in the flames.

Dr. Octavius A. White, a famous yellow fever expert, died in New York, aged 78 years. While a surgeon in the Confederate army Dr. White was sent into the Union lines at Goldsborough, N. C., to treat Northern soldiers afflicted with yellow fever, and in the Confederate prison at Florence, S. C., he won the love of many Union men by his kindness during a similar performance.

A Mexican Central train was delayed an hour at El Paso, Texas, because Max Weber, a German Consul, refused to pay the head tax of \$2 each for himself and Herr von Waldthausen, a German nobleman, before they could enter the United States. Weber claimed that with correct interpretation the law was not applicable to himself and the nobleman. A tourist paid the fees, unknown to the Germans, in order that the delay might end.

Marciano Rengal, a celebrated bull-fighter, was shot through the heart and instantly killed by Salvador del Castillo, an official of the Mexican Custom-house. Rengal battered down the door of a house where Castillo

was calling on his sweetheart, she having locked the door in order to keep out Rengal, who was enamored of the girl, and had sent word that he was coming to kill Castillo. Castillo fired, instantly killing Rengal.

The German-Jewish Relief Society of Berlin has sent an agent to Kishineff, who reports that 700 houses were destroyed, 600 shops sacked and that about 10,000 persons are homeless as a result of the recent massacre. Forty-five persons were killed during the massacre, eighty-four seriously wounded and 500 were slightly injured. The number of persons affected through losing positions or otherwise is estimated at 20,000, mostly belonging to the poorer classes.

Admiral Dewey, as president of the general board, has made a report to Secretary Moody recommending the immediate establishment of a coaling station at Dutch Harbor, Alaska, and the erection there of a coal depot with an initial capacity of 50,000 tons. The estimated cost of the work is about \$51,000. The money is now available. Believing the establishment of a coal depot at this strategic point will strengthen the United States on the Pacific Coast, the President has heartily approved the plan and preliminary steps in the work have been taken already.

J. W. Hubbard left the vicinity of Marceline, Linn county, Mo., in 1852, and went to California to hunt for gold, leaving his wife, son and daughter. Some years after he left notice of his death appeared in the California papers. Mrs. Hubbard believed her husband dead and was married to Judge Banning, who died a few years later. Mrs. Banning was then married to J. M. Hamilton, who died in 1897, and she was again left a widow. Last week her first husband, J. W. Hubbard, returned to Linn county, and has sent for his wife, son and daughter to visit him at Marceline.

The Geological Survey has prepared a model of the extensive dam to be constructed on Salt river, sixty-five miles above Phoenix, A. T. This dam will be among the first and also among the largest irrigation enterprises to be undertaken by the Government under the new law. The models show the exact proportions of the dam, which is to be 188 feet thick at the base, 830 feet long at the top and 250 feet high. It will contain 11,600,000 cubic feet of masonry. The reservoir to be constructed will drain over 6000 square miles of territory and add 300,000 acres to the tillable area in the vicinity of Phoenix.

Edison Joins Forces With Marconi, New York.—It has been formally announced, says the World, that Thomas A. Edison has been taken into the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company as a member of its board of technical directors. Marconi is the only other member of this board at present, but arrangements are being made to engage a third electrician, Professor Michael Pupin of Columbia University, inventor of the submarine telephone. The arrangements upon which Edison and Marconi join forces are not made public. Edison admitted that he was at work on certain inventions to be applied to the Marconi system. Of their nature he declined to talk.

Smallpox Epidemic in Salt Lake. Salt Lake.—Over fifty cases of smallpox have been discovered in the southeastern part of the city, known as the Sugarhouse ward. The disease is at the Sugarhouse ward. The disease was first taken for chicken-pox, and children attended school and their parents attended church and dances while suffering from the disease. The health officers believe that nearly every family living in that section has been exposed, and steps are being taken to quarantine the entire ward. A house-to-house fumigating campaign is being carried on, and all public gatherings have been prohibited.

Ferris Wheel Sold For Junk. Chicago.—The Ferris wheel, the massive structure which was one of the main attractions during the World's Fair, in 1893, has been sold at public auction. A junk dealer bid in the wheel, and the sum paid for buildings, boilers, etc., was \$1800. The wheel cost originally \$302,000. Outstanding against it are bonds amounting to \$300,000 and a floating debt of \$100,000.

More Silver for Philippines. Washington.—The Director of the Mint has purchased 650,000 ounces of silver on account of Philippine coinage at an average of 53.64 cents an ounce.

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German Cruiser Aground. Paris.—The German cruiser Ariadne, flagship of Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia, which arrived at Brest with the rest of the German squadron May 14th, grounded amidships on the extension of the breakwater now in course of construction at Brest.

More Victims of Automobile. New York.—A cable to the Sun from Paris says: Dr. Henri de Rothschild and two friends, while returning to Paris from Bordeaux in an automobile, ran into two horsemen. The foreleg of one of the horses were broken and his rider was violently thrown. All occupants of the automobile were injured, the car being smashed against the wall.

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## GOLD MINERS PERISH IN THE COLD NORTH

### Twelve Violent Deaths in the Klondike the Record For May.

## NOME ADVICES TELL OF TRAGEDIES

### Eight Fatalities Due to Drowning, Three Were Mining Accidents and One Was Probably a Suicide.

Tacoma, Wash.—Dawson dispatches say that in frozen ice at the bottom of a deep shaft the body of William Hennessey was discovered Sunday on No. 3 Ophir Creek by William Lee. Only the man's head appeared above the ice. The body was taken to Dawson.

The body of Fred Fields, who had been missing from Duncan Creek since last October, was found sitting on a raft on Lansing Creek. Fields had apparently been frozen to death. His rifle lay across his knees. He left Duncan Creek last October on a hunting trip. It is supposed he ran out of provisions.

Owen Connally, a miner, was smothered to death last week in the Quartz Creek district. He was panicking on a drift on Rochester Creek, when the roof of the drift caved in, burying him and two other miners. The other men were rescued in an unconscious condition, but will recover. Connally apparently escaped serious injuries, but was smothered to death. These make a total of twelve violent deaths during May. Eight were cases of drowning, three fatal mine accidents and the twelfth was probably a case of suicide.

March mail advises from Nome, via Dawson, say that Jack Campbell, a mail-carrier between St. Michael and Katmai, was severely frozen on his trip from St. Michael and reached the Russian mission on the Kuskowin river in bad condition. A Russian priest there endeavored to induce him to forward his mail by natives, but Campbell declined and neither would engage a native guide. His feet were badly frozen, but he pushed on, and has since not been heard from.

The body of Charles Gilbat, a St. Michael cook, who was lost on Norton Bay in January, was found near Shaktolik, a few hundred yards from timber, where he might have found shelter. He had evidently perished in the blizzard.

### Fatal Fight Over a Woman.

San Bernardino.—Binciente Chavez was shot and killed by his cousin, Juan Chavez, in the outskirts of this city in a quarrel over a woman. After the shooting a brother of the dead man pursued Juan through an orange grove and shot him through the leg, inflicting a wound which will probably necessitate the amputation of the limb. Chavez asserts that Binciente attempted to kill him and he turned the revolver in his direction, discharging it in the scuffle. Eye witnesses declare it to have been a deliberate murder.

### Convict Leaps to His Death.

San Quentin.—A convict by the name of George Tindall committed suicide by jumping off the balcony leading to the condemned cells, a distance of fifty-nine feet three inches. He had been in the kitchen, walked from there up the stairs near the execution room, and made the fatal leap. His right thigh and arm were broken and he suffered internal injuries, dying within forty-five minutes after the leap.

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# THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Proprietor.

A luxury becomes a necessity just as soon as we can afford to have it.

The operators are already beginning to raise the prices of coal. Save your corn cobs.

Enthusiasm for good civic government always runs mountain high the day after election.

If you get hurt when you are playing the races, however, don't keep on playing. That is different.

It is in accord with the eternal fitness of things when a millionaire works harder than his employee; he gets more pay.

Russell Sage has lost \$40,000 recently in bad loans. This tends to show that a man is never too old to make blunders.

In 1876 there were 2,500 Pawnees. To-day there are only 500. There are no reservations in the happy hunting grounds.

John D. Rockefeller finds that golf makes his hair grow. He doesn't explain whether it is to be rubbed on with the fingers or applied with a syringe.

A Boston judge has decided that a person who has paid to hear a play may kiss it if he wishes. And why not? Surely the right to kiss is as clear as the right to applaud.

A man thrashed another who persisted in praying for him in public. Correct! Why should one man be singled out where so many stand in need of divine intercession?

A Bayonne, N. J., man who has seven children is unable to rent a house in that town because of the size of his family. It will evidently be a difficult matter for Roosevelt to carry Bayonne next time.

In upholding the traditions of the German army a young cadet ran his sword through the body of a friend who, as a private, had failed to salute him. How strange it is that with all Germany's progress and intelligence such a cowardly crime is not considered murder.

The old maids of New York in convention assembled have pointed out that President Roosevelt is not the mother of a large family, and that until he is he is not the proper person to advocate a numerous progeny. Come to think of it, how many women are complaining about the smallness of American families?

There is no excuse for tipping in the United States and workmen who accept tips do injury to themselves. Pullman car porters and some others are said to receive small wages, as they are expected to make up the remainder in fees. It is a reproach on any corporation, firm or individual to pay low wages with the expectation that employees will make money from tips. They should be absolutely prohibited.

A woman attorney recently told a New York professional club that in every law case woman is either the motive, the instrument or the victim. The author of this interesting theory declares that "the field for the woman lawyer is the finding of the woman in the case." But mere men sometimes succeed in doing that. The thing that really bothers them—and here, perhaps, women lawyers could help—is to know what to do with her after they have found her.

General Baldwin has denied that he ever intended to say anything to disparage the negro or Filipino soldier. He meant to say that the negro and the Filipino are such good soldiers that it makes no difference to them whether they get killed or not. This sounds much better, and it is more in keeping with the general's record. And the incident may make him more careful in the future when he says anything that is likely to get into print. He could have said exactly what he meant and saved himself much trouble and annoyance.

Few are willing to maintain that the definition of a gentleman in the books of etiquette is more than superficial. The late Archbishop Temple's definition was founded on first principles. He said, "I don't care whether he is learned or not, whether he is educated or not; I don't care how ignorant he may be or how he may stand; I don't care if he be ever so poor. The man who constantly shows that he is giving himself up for the sake of other people, that man is at heart and in reality one of nature's gentlemen, and this is the way in which he shows it."

There is a belief among certain persons that children can be reared without labor. This is not so and can never be so. Women cannot successfully rear families by proxy. They cannot turn over their children to nurses, governesses and school teachers. Many women do this, however, and society here and there gathers the dragon teeth in the harvest of crimes against society and moral laws. Work is the greatest moral force in the world. Mothers who desire to see their children happy, to see them useful, to see them worthy members of society hold fast to the doctrine of labor.

A wise and upright judge in Boston has decreed that kissing at a place of

amusement is as lawful as applauding, and that as an expression of honest opinion one is as permissible as the other. We have sat and groaned under a weary encroachment because two or three ignoramus have decided that a bad song must be repeated. Fifteen hundred people have often suffered because they were too polite or too afraid to contradict the impertinence and bad taste of a baker's dozen. Admitting the practice of kissing, there is no fear that an audience will be disturbed in anything like the degree of torment afforded by the foolish applause of a clique or the few idiots whose abandoned tastes must be consulted. The man to be squelched is not the hisser, but the fellow who has a horribly offensive way of getting his money's worth.

It has been said that if you would know a man thoroughly you must examine his air-castles. The saying is true also of nations. The Moors, for instance, have always had their vision of a reconquest of Spain. The issue of the war between the United States and Spain is said to have quickened the hope. The disposition of the Sultan of Morocco to favor European inventions is said to be due to the desire to qualify his people for the recovery of the territory lost long ago. The title-deeds of lands and the keys to dwellings from which their forefathers were expelled are cherished, as if their renewed use were only a question of time. Only an air-castle, it may be, but an alluring structure of the imagination.

Not infrequently one hears remarks upon the growing lack of interest in churches and in religion, and upon the decreasing number of men who attend religious meetings. Two incidents, widely separated geographically, show how inadequate and unjust such generalization may be. The Convention for Religious and Moral Education met lately in Chicago. Not only in numbers and in the representative character of the attendance did the convention surprise even those most interested, but also in the number of men who attended and listened and took an active part. Three thousand people were present when the convention opened, and eight out ten of them were men. Some, naturally, were ministers, but more were laymen—men engaged in business, in teaching, in the practice of the professions. Many of them had come many miles to tell what was in their hearts, and to learn more about the spiritual and moral life. While this convention was in session a course of lectures was in progress in Boston. The subject was the great religious leaders of America. Men of widely differing beliefs set forth the story of such diverse personalities as Edwards, Channing, Bushnell, Beecher, William Penn. The time of these lectures was at half past four, of an afternoon in the middle of the week. Some one asked one of the sponsors for the course why so unusual an hour had been chosen. "Because," he said, "a great many business men expressed a desire to hear the lectures, and that time was convenient for them."

One of the good things that has come out of England is a bunch of pictures of titled women. There are portraits of Countesses, Duchesses and ladies of various degrees of blue-bloodedness, and all of them are surrounded by children—their own children—and it is stated that motherhood is regarded as a badge of honor by the so-called "upper classes" of England. Under ordinary circumstances these women would not be entitled to credit. There was a time when marriage and a family of bouncing children were matters of course. Then came the strenuous social period, and a great many women discovered that they could not care for large families and meet their social demands. Some chose the wiser course and played the part that nature had allotted to them. They reared their children as only good mothers can, and found great happiness in the circles in which they were queens by right divine. And others sacrificed maternity for receptions, balls, theater parties and a good deal of pleasure that was selfish. Result: A New York newspaper man, after investigating an entire block of mansions on Fifth avenue, found but four children. Cause and effect are as plain as the nose on your face. The United States isn't going to ruin because a few society folks raise dogs instead of children. In the country and in the homes of the comparatively poor families grow up about as they did in the early years of the century just closed. Children are welcomed. Every new face is a loved one. Every baby is just a little more precious than the one that preceded it. The brain and the brawn of the country are drawn from these homes, and the supply is seemingly inexhaustible. The rich who stifle maternity are losing an opportunity to take part in the affairs of the nation. There may be an occasional Congressman, savant or philanthropist of the future in the care of his nurse in some gilded palace in New York City. There are hundreds of them in the humble homes, and they will be heard from when age shall have matured them and destiny calls.

**Dutiable Goods.**  
At a banquet of the American Irish Historical Society in New York not long ago the chairman told a story apropos of the coal situation. When he was coming down the gangplank on his return from Europe he had a handkerchief over his eye. An Irish customs officer asked: "Why have you your eye under cover?" "There's a bit of coal in it." "Ah, bringing in coal! You'll have to pay duty on that!"

"What did you trust him for?" she said with a note of reproof in her voice. "Heaven only knows," I replied in fierce self-condemnation. "But he'll pay for it yet. Just let him wait till I get my grip on him!"

My fair captor interrupted with a mocking laugh. "He'll have to wait a long time, I expect," she remarked. "I shouldn't wonder if you get about five years for this. Shouldn't you consider that would be about it?"

"There's a bit of coal in it." "Ah, bringing in coal! You'll have to pay duty on that!"

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## OLD FAVORITES

**Little Orphant Annie.**  
Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,  
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,  
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth an' sweep,  
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board, an' keep;  
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,  
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mosiest fun  
A'list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,  
An' the gobble-uns 'at git you  
Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!

Once they was a little boy wouldn't say his prayers,  
An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,  
His Mamay heered him holler, an' his Daddy heered him bawl,  
An' when they turnt the kivers down, he wasn't there at all!  
An' they seeked him in the rafter room, an' cubbyhole an' press,  
An' seeked him up the chimby-flue, an' ever'where, I guess;  
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' roundabout,  
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you  
Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,  
An' make fun of ever'one an' all her blood an' kin;  
An' oncet, when they was "company," an' ole folks was there,  
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' turnt to run an' hide,  
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,  
An' they snatched her through the ceilin'  
Fore she knew what she's about.  
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you  
Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,  
An' the lamp wick splutters, an' the wind goes whoo-oo!  
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,  
An' the lightnin' bugs in dew is all quenched away,  
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers, fond an' dear,  
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphan's tear,  
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clatters all about,  
Er the gobble-uns 'll git you  
Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

**One Day Nearer Home.**  
O'er the hills the sun is setting,  
And the eve is drawing on;  
Slowly drops the gentle twilight,  
For another day is gone.

Gone for aye—it's race is over,  
Soon the darker shades will come;  
Still, 'tis sweet to know at even,  
We are one day nearer home.

"One day nearer," sings the seaman,  
As he glides the waters o'er,  
While the light is softly dying,  
On his distant native shore.

Thus the Christian on life's ocean,  
As his light boat cuts the foam,

In the evening cries with rapture,  
"I am one day nearer home."

Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim  
Hails the setting of the sun;

For the goal is one day nearer,  
And his journey nearly done.

Thus we feel when, o'er life's desert,  
Heart and sandal sore we roam,

As the twilight gathers o'er us,  
We are one day nearer home.

Nearer home! Yes, one day nearer  
To our Father's house on high—  
To the green fields and the fountains  
Of the lands beyond the sky.

For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,  
And the lamps hang in the dome,

And our tents are pitched still closer,  
For we're one day nearer home.

—Rev. Benj. H. Hunt.

### IDENTITY OF DICKENS' SQUEERS.

Quest Renewed by Reprint of Old "Ad" in London Times.

The quest for the identity of Mr. Wackford Squeers has been revived by the reprint by the Times of an advertisement from its issue of Jan. 7, 1803, says the London Chronicle. A Mr. Simpson, of Woden Croft, near Barnard Castle, thereby announced his attendance at the Saracen's Head, Snowhill, to receive "young gentlemen," and a contemporary jumps to the conclusion that this person was the prototype of the infamous Squeers. As a matter of fact, Dickens had only too many originals for his pitiful story, and an extraordinary parallel to the tale told in "Nicholas Nickleby" may be found in the biography of James Abernethy, the father of marine engineering. This work was published by his son in 1897, and reviewed in the Chronicle of Dec. 28, of that year, the facts as to the miserable school life being reproduced from the late engineer's diary, this portion of which was written in 1834, or about four years before the novel made its appearance in monthly parts.

The reviewer thus tells the story, and draws the parallel: "The school to which James and his brother George were sent was kept by a ruffian named Smith, at Cotherstone, near Barnard Castle, in North Yorkshire, and there is something quite remarkable in the facts that there was a Mrs. Smith, who appears to have been the counterpart of Mrs. Squeers; that the arrangements

for placing the boys were made while Smith was advertising his attendance at a well-known coaching house in London; and that the amount to be paid for the two lads was £20 a year each, the exact sum in consideration of which Mr. Shawley made over his two wretched little stepsons to the oily Squeers." \* \* \* The description of the awful school at Cotherstone, with its wolf-eyed "pupils" starving on putrid meat, and clad in workhouse clothing, with wooden clogs; the tyranny and ill-usage, the utter absence of moral control—all this is pathetic in the extreme." The brothers, after spending two years in this hopeless misery, were rescued owing to the casual visit of an uncle. It is interesting to recall that James, who was taken as pupil by his father, who was then resident engineer at the London docks works, and had as a new companion Bidder, the Calculating Boy, became president of the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1881.

### GREATNESS OF INVENTIONS.

**True Measure Their Service to Society in Influence on Civilization.**

The greatness of inventions is measured not by their ingenuity nor by the fortunes they make for their originators or others, for that is a small matter, but by the service which they render to society and by their influence on civilization. I had intended, therefore, to interpret briefly some of the great inventions, to show how the most destructive weapons of war are life-savers and peace-preservers; how the telephone will affect morals and elevate the standard of honor; how the arc light serves as good police; how the elevator is affecting social problems by piling one city on top of another; how the ocean cables, the telegraph and wireless telegraphy are creating new world-conditions which are producing a new world-life; and how the bicycle and the automobile, by securing for us better roads, will not only increase the wealth, but also improve the intellectual and moral life of the country, but the limits of this article forbids.

If inventions are to be measured by their effects, by far the greatest in the history of the world was the invention of the steam engine. In 1769, the same year in which the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon Bonaparte were born, James Watt patented his steam engine, which was destined to exert more influence in shaping the world's future than both of these great captains together. From the beginning, man has had to struggle with nature for his life. She scorched him; she frosted him; she starved him; she smote him with disease; she overawed and terrorized him; her winds buffeted him; her waters drowned him. Before her lightnings, her floods, her cataclysm, her avalanches, her tempestuous seas, he was powerless. Against the measureless forces of nature he could oppose only his puny arm. On that arm he must rely to wrest from her his food, fuel, raiment, and shelter. Such was the unequal contest for long thousands of years. But to-day nature is man's servant; her mighty forces do his bidding, and run his errands.—Dr. Josiah Strong, in Success.

**Two Ways.**  
There is a good deal of comfort to be found with the people who are, as the phrase goes, "like our folks." The Congregationalist furnishes an instance in point relative to the old and new way of giving out church notices:

The old-fashioned clergyman had been in the habit of making the announcements in his most punctilious manner. Each one was couched in some such language as this:

"If it be in accordance with the will of Divine Providence, there will be a meeting in this house this evening; the subject will be, 'Scripture Promises,' and there will be a short address by the pastor, no unforeseen accident preventing."

When his successor arrived every one supposed that the old order of things would probably continue unbroken; but the congregation involuntarily drew a breath of relief when the pastor remarked, in a pleasant, conversational tone:

"I haven't yet decided whether or not it's advisable to continue the evening meetings during the coming month. 'Tarey, we'll hold one to-night; and let's all try to be there."

**The Amateur Actor.**  
"A few of us are going to have private theatricals," the aspirant said to an old actor the other day, "and I am cast to pose as the dying gladiator. Would you mind giving me a few wrinkles?"

"Oh, no. You are the dying gladiator, eh? Well, to begin with, what are you dying for?"

"I—I don't understand."

"But you must understand. I want to know whether you are dying for a glass of beer or being carried off by galloping consumption. It will make a heap of difference in the pose."

According to later information, the young man was wildly searching a volume of Shakespeare to see what the gladiator died for.

**Woman Doctor at Inquest.**

For the first time in the history of Wolverhampton a woman doctor recently gave evidence at an inquest. At the request of the coroner the post-mortem, which was on a woman's body, was made by two women doctors.

**The One Thing Needful.**  
"Don't be despondent, Henry; there are plenty of good things in this life besides money."—New York Sun.

Men are too much inclined to accept a pretty woman at her face value.

**Roasted Meats Rare.**  
"A good part of the dyspepsia that prevails in America," said the chef of an exclusive hotel to a Philadelphia Record writer, "is due to the custom of baking instead of roasting meats."

# EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

### Vigor from the Farm.

**S**ECRETARY ROOT, who is a native of Clinton, Oneida County, N. Y., deplores the fondness of the Americans of rural communities for city life. He estimates that the urban population of the country is now 25,000,000. The movement to the cities goes on at an increasing ratio. "We are facing," says the Secretary of War, "a new set of conditions in the formation of national character. Life in the city tends to greater alertness of mind, to a sharpening of the faculties and greater nervous energy, but at the same time to a strained intensity and refinement of the nervous system which will make a different race of us. If the strong, self-possessed, self-centered, dominant man is to continue his race he must continue in contact with the soil. No race of the city bred can perpetuate these qualities, for the nerves and sinews are strengthened and the moral integrity enlarged and deepened by contact with the soil, by the soothing and calming influence of nature."

The city is always calling to the rural American of the old stock. It offers him golden opportunities, and he comes to make the most of them. Run through the list of the generals of Wall street, the leaders of the bar, the skillful physicians, the merchant princes, the big contractors, the engineers and architects who are most in demand, and you will find that a surprisingly large number of them came to New York with one suit of clothes, a change of linen and a ramshackle trunk. Their capital is thrift, hope and an appetite for work. Their constitution was a bank which honored every draft upon it. They out-work, out-fight and out-live the city man, and fail is not in their lexicon.—New York Evening Sun.

### English Jury System.

**T**HE English jury system remains so far unmodified for two reasons—that it has worked well on the whole, and that public opinion is not easily roused in favor of innovations. But the requirement that all the twelve good and true men shall be unanimous does occasionally cause great inconvenience. We had a flagrant illustration in the Pasehall case, where two successive juries disagreed. And in the London Sheriff's Court the other day, one obstinate man held out against the other eleven, and caused all the labor of the hearing to come to naught. In the opinion of the under sheriff, who summed up, there was no point of difficulty to be decided; but, whether there was difficulty or not, it is amazing that one individual, a twelfth of the whole body, should have the power of nullifying the unanimity of the rest. Of course, the jury is "the palladium of the Englishman's liberties," and as such has furnished many a flowing oration. No one, however, proposes to tamper with the "palladium." The only change advocated is the substitution of a two-thirds majority for absolute unanimity. The Scotch have got on very well with a majority system, which applies in England already to coroner's inquests, and would not do any harm at Assizes as well.—Liverpool Mercury.

### Problem of the Country Towns.

**E**VERY year or two somebody of an impulsive turn of mind publicly discovers that the country towns are going to smash, whenever a number of particularly tough cases have been brought to light, through the courts or otherwise. These prophets of woe are of the same class as travelers who judge a city by its slums and back streets. The country town is no annex of realms celestial. It has its toughs sometimes, its degenerates occasionally, and its share of no-account folks, like the city. Only a few of them, to be sure, but police supervision being necessarily limited, moral lapses sometimes become pronounced and offensive, yet much less so than would happen in the cities were the restraints equally lax. The big cities without a trained police force would be scarcely endurable, as places of residence. However, such comparisons do not disprove that room for country improvement exists, especially

### SMALLEST HORSE IN WORLD.

#### Lilliputian Twenty-Two Inches High, Weighing Seventy-Three Pounds.

What is undoubtedly the smallest horse in the world, says the Los Angeles correspondent of the Buffalo News, has just been brought to Tampico, Mexico, by Tabibito Esposito and sold to A. J. Morrison, of Los Angeles, Cal., for a large price. This Tom Thumb of equines, which is appropriately named "Lilliputian," stands just high enough to reach to his owner's knees and weighs only seventy-three pounds, though fat and plump. The pony is 7 years old and is 22½ inches five and a half hands-tall.

Lilliputian has a history that is almost as remarkable as his diminutive size. The Mexican who disposed of him claims he stole the animal and as he immediately disappeared there seems to be no reason for doubting the assertion. The wily senor, it appears, got Lilliputian from an island off the coast of South America, between Guatemala and Samoa. The natives there worship pretty little horses and keep them constantly guarded on a high cliff. Esposito took this and another dwarf—the two smallest he could find—and made away with them by lowering them from the cliff with a rope. He was hotly pursued. Before reaching Mexico the other horse, less hardy than Lilliputian, died.

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Men are too much inclined to accept a pretty woman at her face value.

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cially when much of the good old stock has been supplanted by people of inferior and neglected training. Whatever can be done by way of remedy must be done by the good citizens, and is a part of the personal responsibility of each. There are officers to be aroused to their duty, laws to be enforced, children to be kept in school, work to be furnished, religious and charitable measures to be employed. What many a town needs more than anything else is selectmen and constables who are willing and anxious to perform the plain duties of their office.—American Cultivator.

### Eyes and Headaches.

**M**OST medical books for popular reading mislead. By confining himself to what he calls a "biographical clinic," Dr. George M. Gould has succeeded in his book called "Genius and Eye Strain," in writing one of the most useful works on popular medicine that has recently appeared.

Some four centuries of investigation in modern medicine were necessary before the faculty discovered the relation between the imperfect lens of the eye and nervous strain, which registers itself in large or small derangement of the entire system from a passing headache down to life-long derangement of digestion. It is not surprising that this relation is still little understood by most of the community.

By taking four men—De Quincey, Carlyle, Huxley and Browning—and using them as examples of the neglect of this fact, Dr. Gould has made one of those convincing personal demonstrations which will lead any one who watches their own development or has to do with children to be prompt to understand that where there is interruption of normal function, in adolescence or during any work of any kind, mental or manual, one of the first questions which should be asked is whether the eyes do not need examination, not by some one who does nothing more than fit glasses, but by a competent physician who makes this field his specialty.

There are fretful children, juvenile delinquents, women who are unable to control their tempers, and men who find themselves unequal to the task of plying their craft, their calling or their profession, whose life would be changed and altered if this were once understood and acted upon.—Philadelphia Press.

### Thousand-Dollar Bills.

**T**HE recent finding of a thousand-dollar bill has brought out the inquiry, How many such bills are there in existence? As number of correspondents have asked us this question, the answer may be of general interest to our readers. According to the tables prepared by the United States Treasury, there were outstanding on Jan. 31, 1903, United States notes of the value of \$1,000 each to the amount of \$26,025,000. Of the treasury notes of 1890, \$564,000 was outstanding in \$1,000 bills; \$25,000 was outstanding in national bank notes in such bills; \$46,735,500 in gold certificates, and \$156,000 in silver certificates, making the grand total \$73,515,500, which would seem to prove that there were outstanding, according to the treasury estimates on Jan. 31, last, 73,515,500 \$1,000 bills. The greatest amount of our paper money is in \$10 bills, which foot up to \$440,994,204, with \$20 bills third, footing up \$336,531,506. These three classes make up practically two-thirds of the paper money now outstanding. The fourth class is \$10,000 bills, the fifth \$100, the sixth \$1, the seventh \$1,000, the eighth \$50, the ninth \$2, and the tenth \$5,000. The great bulk of the ones and twos, and even the fives, are silver certificates. More than half of the tens are United States notes, while national bank notes and gold certificates make up the bulk of the twenties. Beyond the thousand-dollar limit there is practically nothing but gold certificates, the only other paper money, according to the treasury table, being three United States notes, two for \$5,000 each and one for \$10,000.—Boston Herald.

### PRINCESSES DO NOT ENVY HER

Though She Is Regarded as a Future Empress of Germany.

It is now announced on good authority that the crown prince of Germany, Frederick William, will wed Princess Margaret of Connaught. This is not the first time his name has been linked with that of an English princess. Some time ago it was said he would wed Princess Alice of Albany, but that is all off now,

# THE ENTERPRISE

TO PAY SIRE'S DEBT.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop

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Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1903.

The Republic of Cuba was one year old on May 20th. The first year of Republican Government in the island has been a great success. Peace has been preserved, sanitary conditions good, and \$2000 more in the public treasury than there was when the United States withdrew from the island.

#### The Tale of a Tail.

A writer in tracing the ancestry of the dog to wolf and jackal notices typical differences in the case of their eyes, their body colors and markings, the habit of turning around before lying down and other interesting peculiarities, but he does not mention the most striking and infallible way of distinguishing them—namely, by the fashion in which they carry their tails.

Wolves and coyotes have areaking way of carrying their tails low, almost dragging on the ground, while dogs carry their tails up, and the farther removed they are from the feral type the higher they carry them. Shepherds and collies, which retain many of their racial characteristics, carry their tails lowest of all; setters and pointers a degree or two higher, stiffening out straight when drawing on game; terriers and hounds elevate their tails to spinal line; St. Bernards and Newfoundlands affect a curve over the back, while pugs actually come to a full twist. An old plainman could tell a wolf or coyote as far as he could see him, and in buffalo days this was a most useful indication of buffalo herds being not far away. These predatory creatures always followed a moving herd.—Forest and Stream.

#### Crabs and Earthquakes.

For some time previous to the day upon which the great Chilean earthquake of August, 1857, occurred great swarms of crabs of an unknown variety were seen in the bay of Payta. They all appeared to be greatly excited and were literally climbing over each other in their efforts to escape the impending calamity.

How they knew that the earthquake was collecting its strength to desolate the coast is more than man can say, but that they knew something unusual was about to happen there is no doubt whatever.

That there were millions of them may be inferred from the report of Dr. Forbes, who says that "ten days after the earthquake the dead crabs were thrown upon the beach in a wall-like line three or four feet wide along the whole extent of the bay."

#### What the Dickens!

The London Chronicle declares that "What the dickens!" has nothing to do with the novelist. It is as old as Shakespeare, who in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" makes Mrs. Page say to Ford, "I cannot tell what the dickens his name is." And so the word—a palpable diminutive of Dick, like Wilkins and Hodgkins and Watkins—came into use as a substitute for another and more important D. As to "play the dickens," one thinks of Smollett and Humphry Clinker and the immortal scene in which the lion "would roar and tear and play the dickens," and in comparatively late times Thomas Moore could write:

Like the Goths who played the dickens,  
With Rome and all her sacred chickens.

#### A French Dog Story.

A Parisian lady went out recently for a walk in the Avenue de Cléchy, taking with her a toy terrier, which she held by a string. While she was looking into a shop window two mischievous boys substituted a bone for the dog. A Great Dane then appeared on the scene, and, seeing the bone, made a dash and swallowed it, string included. The lady turned round and in despair cried out that the Great Dane had eaten her pet. The little dog was found later on, much to the joy of his mistress, who carried him off in a cab.

#### Bismarck's Feed of Oysters.

Bismarck on one occasion told Sidney Whitman of his well known feast in oyster eating. He was once in Liege, where he ordered some oysters in a restaurant—fifty to begin with. He saw the lady behind the counter look up in surprise; so, when he had eaten them, wishing to see what effect it might have on her, he ordered another fifty, and so on until he had eaten 170 oysters. Mr. Whitman adds that "it is only fair to remember that in all probability they were the small Ostend variety."

#### Something in the Filling.

"Do you know you can tell a man's disposition by his teeth?" asked the girl who believes in signs, bumps and palm reading.

"How interesting!" said her companion, who did not believe in anything.

"Then Jack must have a golden disposition."

PRETTY INDIAN GIRL SELLS HERSELF AT AUCTION.

Touching Story of Filial Devotion on the Part of "Singing Swan," a Kiowa Maiden—The Purchase Price Was \$25,000.

A daughter's unselfish love for a father has been proven by the strangest of all strange transactions which could possibly take place in civilized America.

The other day in a Kiowa village in Indian Territory, an educated and unusually attractive girl of Indian birth offered herself at auction to the highest bidder, thus gaining, by the only means which her loyalty and affection could devise, money to cancel a debt of honor which her father had died without paying. "Singing Swan" is the girl's name, and the sum for which she bartered her liberty was \$25,000.

Not one in the village suspected that "Singing Swan" contemplated taking so radical a step, although it was no secret among the settlers and her tribal folk for many miles around that she had held her father in an idolatrous regard, had mourned his loss keenly and had grieved over the fact that a debt which she could not wipe off lived after him, and a debtor whose claim she could not pacify continually harassed her.

"Iron Talk," the father of this remarkable girl, was a great chief, and at one period of his career was regarded as one of the most prosperous Indians in the Territory. In his old age, when the country became easy of access through the building of numerous railroads, shrewd white traders crowded upon the reservations and into the villages. "Iron Talk" was distinguished for his hospitality and friendly disposition toward all enterprises calculated to improve the country and elevate his people. In consequence he was easily induced to em-

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## CASTLE TO BE THESPIANS' HOME.



MIRAMONT CASTLE.

Miramont Castle at Mantua, Ore., is to be turned into a free sanitarium for consumptive actors and actresses if present plans are carried out. The wide and increasing prevalence of tuberculosis among members of the theatrical profession has led to the promotion of this scheme, in which leading thespians are interested. The site selected for the proposed sanitarium is all that could be asked, as far as climatic conditions go, and the breezes blowing from the nearby pine forests are said to be highly beneficial in treating the dread disease.

Every theatrical organization in the country is aiding the promoters of this worthy movement, and many prominent actors, actresses and managers have individually pledged themselves for substantial sums. Already nearly \$100,000 has been subscribed, and the success of the undertaking is assured.

the jewels to a wealthy white lady in St. Louis for \$1,500. The money will be divided among my people, who are at this time in great poverty. The man who buys me takes me as I am, but I can make my own clothing. I need a sum of money to discharge a debt which my father, "Iron Talk," owed to a white man named John McRae when he died. McRae is buried from bidding. I promise to make the man who buys me a good wife, provided he treats me well. Who bids for Singing Swan?"

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## TOWN NEWS

Look out for fire.  
Blow! Blow! Blow!  
Sprinkle around your houses.  
Hose Company No. 1 is a reality.  
Mrs. E. C. Collins was a Wednesday visitor here.

We have wind in plenty but no malaria nor mosquitos.

Three church services in town every Sunday and four at intervals.

Hose Company No. 1 now has a membership of twenty members.

Born—In San Francisco, June 1st, to the wife of Harry Shirley, a son.

At San Bruno House, this evening, the Military Social Club will give a grand ball.

P. Ferrier of San Rafael spent Saturday looking after his interests in this town.

Chas. Willin departed Wednesday for Highland Springs, where he will spend the next two weeks.

Mrs. W. J. Martin is still confined to her room and bed. Dr. Plymire of this place and Dr. Kenyon of the city are in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Desiruelo are rejoicing over a son and heir. The little man came to them in April. Fred is still at Millwood, Fresno county.

Supervisor Debenedetti returned Thursday from Martinez, where he had been attending the Supervisors' State Convention.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

A Grand Ball will be given by the Military Social Club at San Bruno Saturday evening, June 6th.

R. K. Patchell of South San Francisco returned to his home Sunday last after spending a few days at his ranch on the Watsonville road.—Sun-Times, Morgan Hill.

A. Roddick left Thursday for Willets, where he will spend a couple of weeks' vacation. Mr. Roddick intends to spend the summer in the harvest fields of the Sacramento valley.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, held on May 23rd, Louis F. Swift was elected a director and president of the company to succeed the late G. F. Swift.

A. McSweeney and family returned Sunday from a ten days' trip through Santa Clara and Santa Cruz counties. Mr. McSweeney reports a flourishing crop of prunes in the Santa Clara valley, but says the crops along the coast will be short.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Grand Ball by the Military Social Club at San Bruno this evening, June 6th.

A new time schedule went into effect on the Coast Division last Monday. The only changes at the local station are that instead of the 9:26 a.m. to the city there will be a 9:06 and 9:39. The midnight theatre train of the past has been taken off entirely and in its place will be a train arriving here at 8:33 p.m.

Charles Eikerenkotter is in town visiting friends. He has not been here before in six years and is naturally elated in greeting old associates. He is the same old Charley as of yore. Mr. Eikerenkotter for the past three years has been chief clerk of the Arlington Hotel at Suisun.—Times-Gazette.

W. J. McEWEN,

Vitaopathist.

Do you suffer from any ailments?

TRY VITAOPATHY.

It has helped others it will help you!

Hours: 7 to 9 p.m. Sundays by appointment.

Miss Maggie Kauffmann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Kauffmann, graduated at the Cogswell Polytechnic College on Friday, May 29th. Miss Kauffmann has attended the Cogswell College the past three years, and carried off the honors of the class of 1903, taking the first place among the graduates for that year. The young lady earned her honors by earnest and diligent study, and her family and many friends here feel proud of her success.

Grand Ball to be given by the Military Social Club at San Bruno, Saturday evening, June 6th.

The following communication was received too late for publication last week. As it is of general interest, we give it a place on our local page this week.

San Francisco, Cal., May 28, 1903. Ed. Enterprise.—After holding a series of meetings in this place at the Hansbrough block, and also making a home to home canvas, the Methodist people have been very much encouraged to organize a Methodist Church. Last Sunday at 2 o'clock a meeting was called by W. J. Rogers, who has been holding the meetings and doing most of the canvassing, for the purpose of organizing. Rev. Geo. W. Beatty of San Francisco preached, after which several joined the newly organized church, and others will join later. There was also preaching service at 7:30 in the evening at the same place, with a large attendance and a profitable and enjoyable service. There will be preaching services every Sunday evening at 7:30 sharp until Conference. Then the Conference will appoint a regular pastor who will arrange for services during the conference year. Next Sunday's meeting will be held in the Hansbrough block; Rev. Geo. W. Beatty will preach. A cordial welcome is extended to all and to all services. Yours truly,

W. J. ROGERS.

### REV. MR. BODEL GOES TO TONOPAH.

Our readers will regret to learn that Mr. J. Knox Bodell will shortly sever the pleasant ties which have bound him to our people and take his departure for other fields of effort and usefulness.

Mr. Bodell has during the past two years conducted the Episcopal church services at Grace Mission and has by his ability and many good qualities endeared himself to the people of this community.

Mr. Bodell has been during this time a student at the Episcopal Church Divinity School at San Mateo. The school will have a three months' summer vacation and Mr. Bodell will leave in a few days for the great mining camp and town at Tonopah, Nev., where he will organize a Mission church and engage in missionary work among the sturdy miners and citizens of Tonopah. In the fall he will return to San Mateo and be succeeded at Tonopah by a clergyman sent out by the Bishop. The Enterprise voices the unanimous sentiment of our people in wishing Mr. Bodell God speed and safe return.

### IN SYMPATHY WITH OUR NEIGHBOR.

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father hath taken from the midst of her family Violet May, the beloved daughter of our esteemed Neighbor, Mary Robinson and her husband, Charles Robinson, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Vella Flor Circle No. 368, Women of Woodcraft, extend to our bereaved Neighbor and her family our heartfelt sympathy and condolence, but knowing that our sympathies cannot lighten hearts bowed down with grief, we commend the bereaved family to our Heavenly Father's care, who hath said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes, a copy sent to our Neighbor, and a copy sent to the Enterprise for publication.

### ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining unclaimed at Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal., June 1, 1903:

Bacque, Prosper: Cahil, Mrs. J.; Gaetano, Olier; Hall, J. J.; Hender-son, Mrs. W. L.; Jansen, Mr.; McMurry, H. H.; Rodger, Mrs. W. C.; Razzoli, Carlo; Pungilela, A.; Foreign—Latasha, John; Tognala, Abbondio.

E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

### SUPERIOR COURT PROCEEDINGS.

Estate of R. G. Sneath, deceased—Will admitted to probate and Mr. Geo. R. Sneath and Mrs. Sneath appointed executors, to serve without bonds.—Times-Gazette.

### HIS LEG AMPUTATED.

Fred Rapp, well known on the Summit, had his leg amputated at the poor farm Monday, by Dr. Ross. A cancer growing on his foot necessitated the amputation of the leg above the knee. It is thought he will not survive the operation.—Times-Gazette.

### SUPERVISORS MEET.

New Law Adopted Regulating Burials—Contract for Publishing Tax List Awarded.

All the members of the Board of Supervisors were in attendance at Monday's meeting, Chairman John H. Coleman presiding.

Health Officer Plymire presented the following report: "During the past month the general health of the county has been very good, with the exception of a few sporadic cases of diphtheria and scarlet fever in the extreme northern end of the county.

The same have been quarantined and in each instance the disease confined to the house in which it originated.

During the month several nuisances have been reported and the same investigated by me and all abated.

At the suggestion of Dr. Foster, Secretary of the State Board of Health, that Dr. Simpson, Health Officer of Santa Clara county, and myself investigate the water sheds around and about Palo Alto, we together visited said district and found the streams practically free from contamination by drains and so reported to the State Board."

Liquor licenses were granted as follows: John Murray, Nine Mile House; C. McAuliffe, Brooksville hotel; Richard Harder, South San Francisco; W. T. Bailey, Baden Station; J. Debenedetti, Halfmoon Bay; Chas. P. Mosconi, Purissima.

The following gave notice that they would apply for liquor licenses at the next meeting: Geo. M. Collopy, Colma; Welch & Lawler, South San Francisco; Mrs. Petrie, South San Francisco.

R. S. Thornton and other citizens of Colma petitioned the board to grant the license asked for by the Golden State Athletic Association. Mr. Thornton emphasized his signature by the appendix "fifty years in Colma."

Hon. Henry Ward Brown addressed the board in opposition to the granting of the privilege. He said the law prohibited all boards of supervisors in the state, excepting the San Francisco board, from granting these permits.

McEvoy raised the point in objecting to the application that the law also prohibited the granting of boxing permits to corporations whose membership was made up of non-residents. In this Mr. Brown agreed with him.

The district attorney was asked for his opinion, and said that while he was reasonably sure of his position he would prefer to investigate further. To afford him an opportunity the matter was laid over until the 15th.

The San Mateo County Fish and Game Protective Association asked for a donation of \$20 to pay the expense of transporting trout fry from the railway stations to the various streams of the county. The fry is furnished by the state fish commission.

On motion of Eikerenkotter, seconded by McEvoy, the sum of \$20 was donated.

Bids for publishing the delinquent tax list were opened as follows:

Democrat, \$1.25 per square; Leader,

\$1.40; Coast Advocate, 95 cents; no bids were received from the San Mateo Times, Redwood Gazette or South San Francisco Enterprise, as they being published on Saturday could not give the necessary publication within the time required by law. For the same reason the bid of the Coast Advocate could not be considered and the contract was awarded to the Democrat. The Board was advised fully upon the point by the District Attorney.

### NEW BURIAL ORDINANCE.

A new burial ordinance was adopted. It provides for the issuance of burial permits by the County Health Officer, for which a fee of \$1 must be collected; these permits must be surrendered to the persons in charge of the various cemeteries before interments are allowed; these permits are issued in duplicate, one of which the person in charge of the cemetery must keep and the other to be filed with the County Recorder. The Health Officer must see that bodies of persons over 10 years of age are buried not less than six feet deep, and those under 10 years not less than five feet; no more than one body shall be allowed in one grave. The ordinance makes it unlawful for any one to lay out or enlarge a cemetery without first applying to the Board in writing for a permit to do so. A notice of which is given by publication for at least one month. All persons interested may appear at the hearing and protest if they desire. The usual penalty of \$500 fine or six months imprisonment is provided for the punishment of violators. The Board will have to appoint some one to collect the fees provided and to fix the compensation therefor. This matter was laid over until the 15th inst.

Plans were adopted for a new concrete arch bridge over the Cordilleras creek, on the main county road near the Finger crossing at Redwood City. Bids for the construction of the same will be opened on Monday, June 22d, at 2 p. m. The County Surveyor estimated the cost of the structure at \$2,445.

Plans were also adopted for the construction of a smaller concrete arch bridge on the main county road between Redwood City and Menlo Park. The Surveyor's estimate of cost is \$800. Bids will be opened on Monday, June 22d, at 2 p. m.

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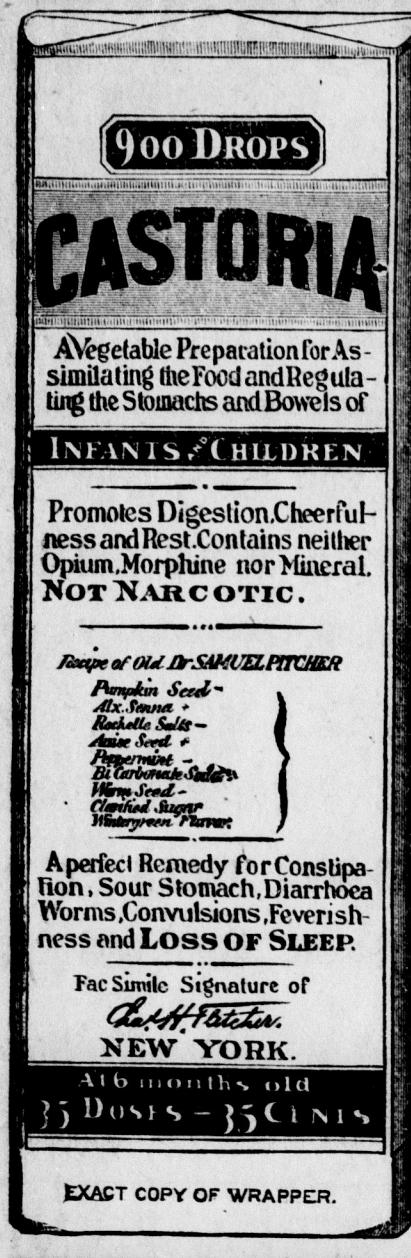
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# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have  
Always Bought

Bears the  
Signature  
of  
*Dr. H. Fletcher.*  
In  
Use  
For Over  
Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## END OF THE HACKNEY.

How He Is Worn Out In the Service  
of Society.

The prancing, high stepping **hacks** that draw the shiny carriages of the rich are often driven the pace that kills. In "Horses Nine" Sewell Ford tells the story of such a horse and his mate and how they were worn out. The author says: Seeing them come down the street, heads tossing, pole chains jingling, the crest and monogram of the house of Jerry glistening on quarter cloth and rosette, their polished hoofs seeming barely to touch the asphalt, you might have thought their lot one to be envied. But Bonfire knew better.

He curved his neck and threw his hoofs high, whether his muscles ached or no; in winter he stamped to keep warm, in summer to dislodge the flies; he did his work faithfully, early or late, in cold and in heat, and all this because he was a son of Sir Bardolph and for the reason that it was his nature to. Had it been put upon him he would have worked in harness until he dropped, prancing his best to the last.

No supreme test, however, was ever brought to the endurance and willingness of Bonfire. They just kept him on the pole, nerves tense, muscles strained, until he began to lose form. His action no longer had that grace and abandon which so pleased Mrs. Jerry when she first saw him. Long standing in the cold numbs the muscles. It robs the legs of their spring. Sudden starts, such as are made when you are called from life after an hour's waiting, finish the business. Try as he might Bonfire could not step so high, could not carry a perfect crest. His neck had lost its roundness, in his rump a crease had appeared.

At last the inevitable happened. Two young hacksneys, plump of neck, round of quarter, springy of knee and hock, were brought to the stable. Bonfire and his mate were led out of their old stalls to return no more. They had been worn out in the service and cast aside like a pair of old gloves.

**Character.**  
"The only thing that walks back from the tomb with the mourners and refuses to be buried is character." That is true. What a man survives him. It never can be buried. It stays about the home when his footsteps are heard there no more. It lives in the community where he was known; hence we should take care to build into our character only beautiful things.

## THE FAIRBANKS-MORSE ENGINES

ARE OPERATED ON  
GAS, GASOLINE, DISTILLATE OR CRUDE OIL

Cost of Operation

Very Light.

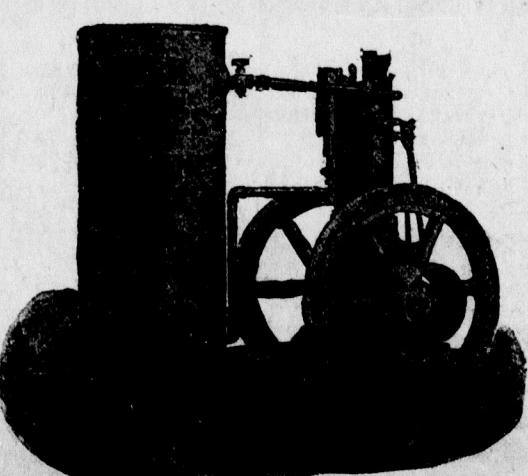
No Expense When

Not Running

A Money Saver

Simple

Sale



First and Stark Sts.  
PORTLAND, OR.

318 Market Street  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Can Be Started in  
a Second  
Can Be Stopped  
in a Second  
A Money Saver  
Economical  
Ever Ready



## Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

**Girl with a Company Face.**  
Once on a time, in a far-away place, Lived a queer little girl with a company face.

And no one outside of the family knew Of her everyday face, or supposed she had two.

The change she could make with wondrous celerity, For practice had lent her surprising dexterity.

But at last it chanced on an unlucky day (Or lucky, perhaps, I would much better say),

To her dismal dismay and complete consternation,

She failed to effect the desired transformation!

And a caller, her teacher, Miss Agatha Mason, Surprised her with half of her company face on,

And half of her everyday face peeping out,

Showing one grimy tear-track and half of a pout,

Contrasting amazingly with the sweet smile That shone on her company side all the while.

The caller no sooner had hurried away Than up to her room the girl flew in dismay:

And after a night spent in solemn reflection Of the folly of features that can't bear inspection,

She came down to breakfast and walked to her place, Calm, sweet and serene, with her company face.

Then wherefore she wore it, day out and day in,

Till you really might think 'twould be worn very thin;

But, strange to relate, it grew more bright and gay,

And her relatives think 'twas a red-letter day

When the greatly astonished Miss Agatha Mason Surprised her with half of her company face on.

. . . St. Nicholas.

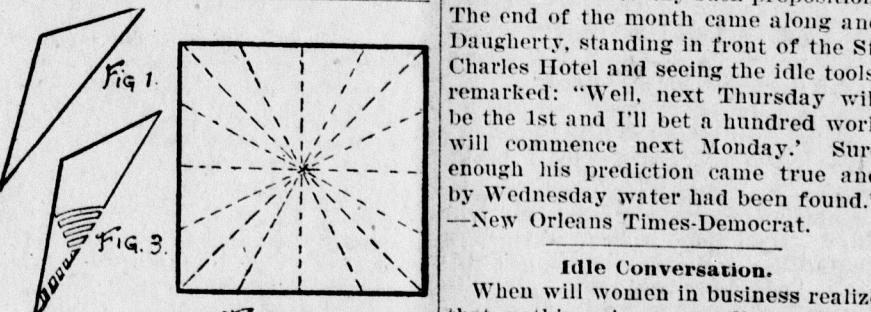
### Paper Doilies.

Just now when paper novelties are so much in vogue, readers of this column may like to know of an easy way of making dainty doyleys, the only requisites being a few sheets of thin white or tinted paper and a pair of scissors.

The paper when folded is ready for



cutting as shown in Figure 1. Figure 2 shows the dotted lines for folding. First fold the paper in half, and then in half again, thus forming a square one-fourth in size of the original sheet. The remaining four folds must be taken from the center outwards, and not folded over all in one piece. Care must be taken that the folding is perfectly even or the doyley will not be a success. Next mark with pencil to the outlined pattern with sharply-



HOW TO FOLD AND CUT.

pointed scissors. Unfold your paper, and if the directions have been carefully followed you will be charmed with the result. With a very little skill in designing, many other patterns may be cut in the same way.

**Hives of the World.**

The largest bee farm in the world is said to be near Becton, Canada. It covers four acres, and the owner in a favorable year secures not less than 75,000 pounds of honey from 19,000,000 working bees. Greece has 30,000; Denmark, 90,000; the Netherlands, 240,000; France, 950,000; Germany, 1,450,000; Austria, 558,000. The United States has 2,800,000, which produce 61,000,000 pounds of honey annually. The largest weight of honey that has ever been taken in a single season from one hive was 1,000 pounds, in Texas.

**Waking Dreams.**  
Little Ruth was spending her first night away from home. She was somewhat restless, and in the morning she was asked how she had slept.

"I don't think I slept very much."

"Then you couldn't have had any bad dreams, surely," said mamma.

"No, ma'm, I didn't; but I had two terrible thoughts."

To Be Mourned Over.

One day little Alice was walking down the street with a bunch of violets

## TOO MUCH FOR THE BARBER.

**Putrop Knew Best How He Wanted His Hair Cut.**

As it sometimes happens, the barber was disposed to talkativeness, the patient to silence. After several fruitless attempts to extract more than a grunt or two from the one in his care, the tonsorial artist made a final effort to arouse the man's conversational powers. Pating the top of the head gently he ventured the remark:

"Der hair on der top, sir, it is a bit thinning out—yes."

"Yes."

"Of der tonic, den, a little, eh?"

"No."

After another long pause:

"Have it been bad long?"

The man smiled weakly. Then, after taking a long breath of preparation for his effort, he replied:

"I came into the world that way.

Then I had an interval of comparative

hirsute luxuriance, but it was not endurable. I have long since emerged

from the grief of deprivation. It no

longer afflicts me. Do not permit it to weigh upon you."

The German pondered over this for awhile without, however, appearing to apprehend the meaning of the man's words.

"Der hair id look petter, sir, if perhaps you keep id long in der back like?" he suggested after another period of silence.

The man removed his gaze from the floor, says the New York Times, fastened it upon the ceiling, cleared his throat again and spoke once more:

"Let me assure you, my tonsorial friend," said he, "that the appearance of my hair, as I have been accustomed to dress it, is very satisfactory to myself and, perhaps I might also say, to my friends. What little hair still adorns my head I have possessed for a long time. I know it well. I have been on familiar terms with it for many years. I have inadvertently mingled spruce gum and chewing tar with it in my years of extreme youth. I have often sun-dried it in order to present a proper non-greasy appearance at home after surreptitious swimming expeditions. I have had it pulled the wrong way by boys whom I learned to lick afterwards. At the same period of my life I have even endured the ignominy of having it cut—in ascending tiers—by experimental maiden

whistling Moth.

A new baby brother had come to Annie's house and she wanted to know where he came from. She was told that he came from heaven. One day she was out in the yard playing and saw a rift in the clouds, so she ran into the house and said:

"Oh, mamma, come and see the hole in the sky where little bruber dropped through."

—**How a Drummer Got Even.**

**Lost Money in the South and Sent a Gambler to Recover It.**

"In Meridian," said a visitor, "is a well situated in the heart of the city that is known as the 'Daugherty well.' That isn't its official title," he continued, "but most of the boys about town call it that. John Daugherty was a former Cincinnati gambler who came South years ago to get even with five merchants in a town who had won several thousand dollars in a poker game from an Ohio drummer who, returning home, got Daugherty to go to him. The 'professional' arrived in the little town ready for business. He had laid his plans well. First he had sent a negro there and had all the playing cards bought.

"The negro was followed by a man selling cards. The stores dealing in pasteboards were in need of some at once. When could the drummer get an order filled? The drummer told them that he had a hundred packs in his trunk—samples that he would dispose of at less than cost—and again the stores had a supply. That night Daugherty was there and in about three days he had about all the ready money that could be scraped together in that vicinity. Then he took a train for the North, but was captured at Meridian.

"While his trial was going on he got acquainted with some of the local sports and concluded to make Meridian his home. The police attempted to make it so warm for him that he would leave, but they didn't succeed. About this time the city concluded to dig a well. Workmen would shovel away dirt for a week or so and then stop. After a while, however, they would resume. Daugherty at about this time was being fined regularly on the first of each month \$100 and costs. Then, by the 3d, the men would tackle the well once more. This thing ran along for months. One day Daugherty went to the marshal and asked him how much money it would take to complete the hole in the ground; that he would pay it then and let the well be finished. But of course the marshal wouldn't listen to any such proposition. The end of the month came along and Daugherty, standing in front of the St. Charles Hotel and seeing the idle tools, remarked: 'Well, next Thursday will be the 1st and I'll bet a hundred work will commence next Monday.' Sure enough his prediction came true and Wednesday water had been found.

—**PLATONIC LOVE POSSIBLE.**

**Women and Men Can Meet on Common Ground of Fellowship.**

It used to be said that friendship between men and women was impossible, and probably it was before women became independent and were looked upon by men as pleasant companions, even when there was no love in the matter. I presume that when young women were carefully housed under the maternal wing men were regarded wholly in the light of suitors and encouraged or discouraged according to parental methods.

In my girlhood that state had passed away. I belonged to a circle composed of forty members, equally divided among the sexes. The utmost good fellowship prevailed and all the social plans were harmoniously laid and carried out without the aid of the chaperon, who invariably lent her presence to every function. Every member of that circle has married—outside of it—and the feeling of friendship has not been extinguished, even though some of the couples will never meet on this earth. Naturally I believe in platonic friendship.

I must confess that the name has been shamefully abused. It has been used to cloak real guilt and has suffered from the stain. Feminine good sense, however, redeems it in a measure, for higher education and careers have opened women's eyes to the fact that masculine attentions are of many grades. Women may be admired, respected and heartily liked without being loved, and they generally know what sentiment governs the attentions they receive from the other sex. There is another element in the undoubted friendship men conceive for agreeable women—many of them have no home life and a craving for a taste of it drives them to seek companionship in the abodes of women.—Boston Traveler.

—**Idle Conversation.**

When will women in business realize that nothing is more disturbing to a busy man than the idle conversation many women indulge in during business hours! Such conversation wastes both time and money and makes her an unmitigated nuisance more than anything else.

As a matter of fact, it is not easy to find a taciturn woman, according to the Baltimore News. It is almost impossible to discover one who, given sufficient provocation, will not tell the story of her life to a sympathetic person, when she should be writing letters or adding figures. Sometimes a solitary woman will put a whole office to confusion by an untimely word here and a five-minute conversation there. The women who have been successful in the business world have been the few who knew when to hold their tongues, and where.

There are women who avow themselves able to talk while they work, and to do a task as well to an accompaniment of chatter as they do in a profound silence, but they will be lucky if they can induce their employers to believe this. And, indeed, it is not true, for no one can do two things at the same time and do them well.

The woman who wants to succeed in business, then, must take a lesson in keeping quiet before she will be regarded as an acquisition to an office in which men are employed.

—**His Specialty.**

"Doctor," said the prospective widow, "what do you reckon is the matter with him?"

"I declare, I don't know," said the physician, "his trouble, whatever it is, doesn't seem to be in my line. There ain't but one hope for him."

"An' what's that?"

"Fits."

"Fits?"

"Yes, ma'm. Fits is my specialty. Ef he'll just whirl in an' have a good, first-class fit, I'll cure him in ten minutes."—Atlanta Constitution.

Stocks have a peculiar way of doing a balloon stunt just after a man's last margin has been wiped out.

A man's self-importance would get an awful jolt if he knew how little others care about his existence.

An old bachelor says that when a man hasn't enough worry of his own it's his cue to get married.

—**Rapid Shoemaking.**

A pair of women's shoes made in Lynn, Mass., to establish a record for rapid shoemaking, required fifty-seven

different operations and the use of forty-two machines and 100 pieces.

All these parts were assembled and made into a graceful pair of shoes, ready to wear, in thirteen minutes.

—**Loss from Insects.**

The annual loss of fruit by insects is

put by the United States entomologist at \$300,000,000.



Smallpox.—The worst case can be cured in three days by the use of cream of tartar. One ounce of tartar dissolved in a pint of hot water and drunk at intervals when cold is a certain, never failing remedy. It has cured thousands

## Register of the U. S. Treasury Uses Pe-ru-na for Summer Catarrh.

**SUMMER CATARRH**  
Afflicts Men and Women.

HON. JUDSON W. LYONS, Register of the United States Treasury, in a letter from Washington, D. C., says:

"I find Peruna to be an excellent remedy for the catarrhal affections of spring and summer, and those who suffer from depression from the heat of the summer will find no remedy the equal of Peruna."

JUDSON W. LYONS.

No man is better known in the financial world than Judson W. Lyons, formerly of Augusta, Ga. His name on every piece of money of recent date makes his signature one of the most familiar ones in the United States.

**Two Interesting Letters From Thankful Women.**

Miss Camilla Chartier, 5 West Lexington St., Baltimore, Md., writes:

"Late supper gradually affected my digestion and made me a miserable dyspeptic, suffering intensely at times. I took several kinds of medicine which were prescribed by different physicians but still continued to suffer. But the trial of one bottle of Peruna convinced me that it would rid me of this trouble, so I continued taking it for several weeks and I was in excellent health, having gained ten pounds."—Miss Camilla Chartier.

**Summer Catarrh.**

Mrs. Kate Bohn, 1119 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"When I wrote you I was troubled with frequent headaches, dizzy, strange feeling in the head, sleeplessness, sinking feelings, faintness and numbness. Sometimes I had heartburn. My food would rise to my throat after every meal, and my bowels were very irregular."

"I wrote you for advice, and I now take pleasure in informing you that

Where nature has been kind to the beauty of your face let it alone. Natural beauty is the most beautiful.

**Piso Cure** cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough Cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Russia this winter, sleighs have often arrived at villages with the inmates frozen to death.

**FITS** permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after that day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for **FREE \$2.00** trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 25 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

King Christian of Denmark, aged forty-five, is the oldest monarch in Europe.

African Stomach Bitters. Fine appetizer. Medicinal value unsurpassed. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco.

England rules over 200,000,000 people in the Hindostan.

Our goods have stood the test of time. Established since 1852. O. K. Cutler Whisky. Next time you drink ask for it. A. P. Hotaling & Co., 429 Jackson St., San Francisco, Cal.

Hide the clouds in your life but let its sunny days be told.

The glow of the rising sun is a gilt edge on the horizon—a promise of power and purity, as is the brand "Old Gilt Edge" on whisky. Wholesale at 320 Clay. Wickman, Lutgen & Co.

Queen Elizabeth reigned in England for forty-five years.

**Mom, for Good Health.**  
Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whisky, Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

"Why do people call a city 'she'?" "I don't know. Why is it?" "Because every city has its outskirts."

**Deafness Cannot be Cured** by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have runny nose and impaired hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Deafness ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"The Klean, Keel Kitchen Kind" is the trade mark on stoves which enable you to cook in comfort in a cool kitchen.

When pugilists indulge in a war of words it might well be called a scrap of information.

**On, That Awful Breath!**

Perfumes disguise offensive breath, but Candy Cathartic remove the cause and provide a quick, permanent remedy. All druggists, Inc. 10c, 25c.

A lady once told a lady friend that her husband was the busiest man in town, for even at the theater he had to go out between acts several times to see men on business.

**When Writing to Advertisers  
Please Mention This Paper**

S. F. N. P. U. No. 23, 1903.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
GIVES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by druggists.



Hon. Judson W. Lyons.

### TRUMPET CALLS.

Dam's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

**C**ORRUPTION in the heart tarnishes the crown on the head. Mercy cannot depend on merit or God could show us none. Sincere prayer strikes the heavenly pitch for the soul's songs.

HARDNESS OF heart is not a sign of strength of character.

Pure idealism cannot be promoted by impure realism.

The best way to lose your own troubles is to lift another's.

When tempted to despair of men it is time to depend on God.

The good is seldom expedited by the consideration of expediency.

Desire rather than desire should be the measure of expectation.

If you can be happy without God you cannot be happy with Him.

Kicking in the church comes perilously near to cursing the Christ.

Men will trust in the churches when the churches cease to trust in man.

It may be easier to write a guide book to heaven than it is to go there.

When we might be swamped by success God sends the lifeboat of trouble.

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** is a household reliance in my home, and I would not be without it. In all my experience with this medicine, which covers years, I have found nothing to equal it and always recommend it."—MRS. LAURA L. BARNES, Washington, D. C.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women.

**CAPTURED A BIG CRUISER.**

**Feat of Little American Tugboat with Crew of Thirty-Two.**

"Say, I'm tired of that story. Cut it out," Boatswain J. W. Angus was the speaker and the crowd in the Columbia hotel lobby all looked humble, says a writer in the Denver Republican. They wanted to hear how the senior petty officer of the Denver recruiting station made a British man-of-war stand and deliver—just the same.

"Your ship was the Leyden, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said the boatswain, "it was."

"And the English ship?"

"Say, that story's old," Mr. Angus reflected a minute. "Here," said he, "this is the way it was:

"The Leyden was a tug 160 feet long and carried thirty-two men. We had two six-pounders and a colt's automatic small arms, that were only good at short range. We didn't amount to much. Well, I took her out of Philadelphia just after the war began, steamed down to Key West and landed the first government filibustering expedition of the war. We were to deliver 500,000 rounds of ammunition and 300 rifles, two cases of dynamite and some supplies. Numee, afterward governor or president of Cuba, was on board. We also carried Capt. Caytaya, who was killed later on.

"When we reached Maris, the place agreed upon, the boat was shipped and we started to get the ammunition on shore. Then who should turn up but a troop of Spanish cavalry, about fifty, I guess, and began firing on us from the shore.

"Well, the odds were against us, so I picked up my men and steamed back to Havana. When I returned the Wilmington was along. She saw me started and then went five miles down the coast and blew up a Spanish blockhouse.

As soon as she drew off the Spanish cavalry came back. I tired of the Spanish cavalry, so I hoisted the red banner and that brought the Wilmington in.

She came up, pointed her stern to the beach and fired two shots with her five-inch guns.

After that we finished the work. It was a complete success and we didn't lose a man."

But the work for which Angus' name is famous is his audacious treatment of the Talbot, the second-class cruiser of the British, which he mistook for a Spanish ship. It embarrasses Angus to talk of that affair, but the facts, so it is said, are these: He sighted a ship and called her to heave to; fired a shot across her bows, when that didn't work, and proceeded to board and take possession of a ship that could have blown him out of the water.

When he discovered his mistake as to the Talbot's nationality he is said to have made handsome apologies. The English captain is credited with saying:

"That's the kind of nerve the Yankees have there is no question about this war will end."

"It was the most foolish thing I ever did," said the sailor. "I don't want to talk about it."

Some men let the world march ahead and leave them and don't see it going.

A noble nature is not pleased over the downfall of any one.

It was the most foolish thing I ever did," said the sailor. "I don't want to talk about it."

**One Woman's View.**

"I suppose you turned me down because of my poverty," said the impudent youth who had just been handed the frosty mitt; "but you should remember that it is possible to have plenty of money and still be unhappy."

"True," replied she of the refrigerator, "but I would rather be unhappy with money than without it."

**Mummy Flowers.**

The remains of no fewer than fifty-nine species of flowering plants from mummy wrappings in Egypt have been identified. The flowers have been wonderfully preserved, even the delicate violet color of the larkspur, the scarlet of the poppy and the chlorophyll in the leaves remaining.

**Beyond a Doubt.**

"It's a burning shame," said the man who occasionally thinks aloud.

"What's a burning shame?" asked the youth with the shallow brainbox.

"That cigarette of yours," replied the audile thinker.

Stolen sweets frequently upset a man's digestive apparatus.

**Universal Desire.**

Of course the ant has admirable qualities, but I might wish that her industry displayed itself in some other fellow's pantry.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.



Mrs. Laura L. Barnes, Washington, D. C. Ladies Auxiliary to Burnside Post, No. 4, G. A. R., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

### Some Different Tables.

Some of the excavations at Nippur show that the Babylonians had multiplication tables five times as long as those commonly used in schools. Most little men and women, for instance, do not have to go further than twelve times twelve, but the little Babylonian children, says Dr. Herman V. Hilprecht, who superintended the late excavations, had to go as far as sixty times sixty.

Numbered fragments of tablets bearing these "multiplication tables" have been found, some few of which go as far as 1,300 times 1,300. But these were evidently only for astronomical purposes. Those old astronomers seem to have felt hard pressed for time, and when they were calculating the distances of the new stars they found, and their size, they did not want to take the time to multiply, and so just referred to these tables in stone.

### Hysteria in Dogs.

Nerves are the disease of the present day among human beings, but I did not know till recently that hysteria is also a malady of dogs. A friend of mine owned a dog which suddenly one day was seized with an attack of nerves. Since then it has been very ill, wandering incessantly round and round the room, refusing food, but still recognizing its owner. Another little dog suffered from hysteria in consequence of fright from railway traveling, and it really seems as though civilization, in rendering dogs more delicate and more susceptible, had done them a distinct physical injury.—London Graphic.

### Two Definitions of a Gentleman.

To be a gentleman "is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and possessed of all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful manner," says the great novelist Thackeray.

A diner in a certain hotel became so noisy that the proprietor directed his removal. The waiter who successfully accomplished this, on returning to the room, expressed his regret at having been obliged to put the individual out, for, said he, with emphasis, "he's a perfect gentleman," adding after a pause, as if to explain how he arrived at so decided a conclusion, "He give me 'alf a crown."—Notes and Queries.

**TRUCK DRIVER AND HORSE.**  
How a Friendly Understanding Developed Between Them.

The friendly relations which often exist between truck drivers and their horses is shown in the story of Chieftain one of the tales in "Horses Nine," by Sewell Ford. Tim Doyle, the driver, having been left alone in the world, takes up lodgings in the stable. The story runs thus: So for three years or more Chieftain had always had a good night pat on the flank from Tim, and in the morning, after the currying and rubbing, they had a little friendly banter in the way of love slaps from Tim and good natured nosings from Chieftain. Perhaps many of Tim's confidences were given half in jest, and perhaps Chieftain sometimes thought that Tim was a bit slow in perception; but, all in all, each understood the other even better than either realized.

Of course Chieftain could not tell Tim of all those vague longings which had to do with new grass and springy turf, nor could he know that Tim had similar longings. These thoughts each kept to himself. But if Chieftain was of Norman blood, horse whose noble sires had ranged pasture and paddock free from rein or trace, Tim was a Doyle whose father and grandfather had lived close to the good green sod and had done their toil in the open, with the cool and calm of the country to soothe and revive them.

Such delights as these both Chieftain and Tim had tasted scantily, hurriedly, in youth, and for them in the lapses of the daily grind both yearned each after his own fashion.

And, each in his way, Tim and Chieftain were philosophers. As the years had come and gone, toll filled and unevenful, the character of the man had ripened and mellowed, the disposition of the horse had settled and sweetened.

In his earlier days Tim had been ready to smash a wheel or lose one, to demand right of way with profane unctuous and to back his word with whip, fist or bale hook. But he had learned to yield an inch on occasion and to use the soft word.

Chieftain, too, in his first years between the poles had sometimes been impatient with the untrained mates who from time to time joined the team.

He had taken part in mane biting and trace kicking, especially on days when the loads were heavy and the flies thick, conditions which try the best of horse tempers. But he had steadied down into a pale horse who could set an example that was worth more than all the six foot lashes ever tied to a whiptop.

When he discovered his mistake as to the Talbot's nationality he is said to have made handsome apologies. The English captain is credited with saying:

"That's the kind of nerve the Yankees have there is no question about this war will end."

It was the most foolish thing I ever did," said the sailor. "I don't want to talk about it."

**Scrofula**

Has come down to us through the ages, like the pyramids and the sphinxes.

It makes its presence known by many signs,—glandular tumors, bunches in the neck, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eye-lids, sore ears, rickets, catarrh, wasting and general debility.

Sufferers should take

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

The great specific for scrofula, effecting the most wonderful, radical and permanent cures. Be sure to get Hood's.

"I like your impudence!" as the pretty girl said when her beau kissed her.

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY.**  
Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.  
Must Bear Signature of  
*Brentwood*  
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.<br

# TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

# TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

# WESTERN MEAT COMPANY . . .

## BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

— AND SLAUGHTERERS OF —

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

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— PACKERS OF THE —

**GOLDEN GATE** — **AND** — **MONARCH BRANDS**

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

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PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.